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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

(It is related of Henry I., that after the death of his son, Prince William, who perished in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy, he was never seen to smile.)

The bark that held a prince went down.
The sweeping waves rolled on.
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain;
Why come not death to those who mourn?
He never smiled again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave;
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave?
Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train,
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—
He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round;
He heard the minstrel sing;
He saw the tourney's victor crowned,
Amidst the knightly ring;
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
He never smiled again!

Hearts in that time closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly poured;
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board;
Graves which true love had bathed with tears,
Were left to heaven's bright rain,
Fresh hopes were born for other years—
He never smiled again!

—Mrs. Hemans.

A Wonderful Escape From Wolves.

Years ago wolves were very plentiful in France, especially among the mountainous districts. One afternoon a couple of peasants of Danphiny, a brother and his sister, were returning home from church, through a long deep, sandy hollow, when the girl suddenly uttered a scream, threw her arms around her companion's neck, and cried out, in the *patois* of the province:

"Oh, save me, Pierre! Save me, brother!"

"What is it, Louli, that scares you so?" inquired the other, turning somewhat pale, and glancing around him in alarm.

"Oh, I saw some terrible beast, and I'm afraid he's come to eat me up! Oh, Pierre, do you think our good saint will let him kill me, just after I've come from church?" and she crossed herself and recited a short prayer.

"What is it, Louli? I don't see anything!" said the sturdy peasant, still glancing eagerly about him. "If it's only one of your fool-fancies, I wish you'd keep quiet! You're always getting scared at something and frightening everybody about you!"

This was mainly true—the girl being one of those young, delicate, timid, nervous, imaginative creatures, who are easily alarmed, and who see a ghost in every white object and a monster in every black one. She had at one time and another given her brother so many false alarms, that he would scarcely have noticed her present agitation, had he not been in a place where he thought there might be danger—for, only the winter before, a woman, whom he knew, had been destroyed by wolves within a mile of the spot.

"Oh, I saw it as plain as day—a horrid beast—right up there, just on the top of the hill!" said the girl, pointing with one hand, while with the other she clung to her brother, trembling with fear.

"Oh, dear, dear, dear! Do you think he'll come and eat us, like old Mother Pourcault was eaten?"

"Not while I've got strength to use this, Louli!" said the brother, brandishing a heavy cudgel, which was the only weapon he generally carried with him. "But I don't see any beast," he added; "and, what's more, I don't believe you did."

"Oh, yes, I did, Pierre—the saints be merciful! But perhaps he ran away when I screamed."

"I shouldn't wonder," returned the brother, with a grim smile.

"Your screams are enough to scare man or beast."

It was a lonely part of the country where they were, and at least two miles to the nearest dwelling and three to their own. They were in a deep hollow between two steep, sandy hills, which were partially covered with small pines. To continue along this hollow for nearly a mile, till it ended in a broad, level plain, with steep, woody mountains away to the right, was their nearest homeward course, and as the sun was fast declining, they now

hurried forward, keeping a sharp lookout in every direction.

But they had not advanced two hundred yards farther, when the girl uttered another scream of terror and pointed up the hill to the right. The brother looked, and to his horror perceived a large gray wolf standing and staring down at them, but evidently rather ill at ease and ready to fly at the first sign of danger. Seeing this, Pierre suddenly ran a few paces toward the beast with loud cries, which his frightened sister at the same time repeated, and the wolf instantly darted away over the top of the hill.

"There, you see, Louli, the cowardly beast's afraid of us!" said the brother, encouragingly; "and so come on, and let's get home as soon as we can!"

"We'll never get home, Pierre—at least I shan't!" returned the sister, with gloomy despondency.

"Nonsense! The wolf won't dare to come near us. It wouldn't astonish me if we never saw him again."

"Hark, there! Don't you hear him howl?"

"He'd howl worse than that, if I had him within reach of my stick!" returned the brother stoutly, as he threw his stray arm around her slender waist and half bore her forward on a run.

The young peasant was more alarmed than he wished to have his sister know, for he doubted not there were other wolves in the vicinity, and there was great danger in numbers, especially after dark, and already the last rays of sunlight were gilding the mountain peaks, and a heavy shadow was stretched across the plain.

Hark! There were other wolves! For they were heard in response to the one that had set up the cry—now here, now there, now yonder; and Pierre secretly trembled as he silently hurried forward with his terrified sister.

By the time they reached the open plain, across which, at a distance of over two miles, stood their humble dwelling, it had become so darkish that object a little way off had that gloomy indistinctness so favorable to deception, and by an excited imagination so readily transformed into monsters of terror, and in every clump and bush the brother and sister now saw something to make their blood run cold. There were real dangers, however, as well as imaginary ones, around them, for the wolves were beginning to collect together and draw near, and even Pierre more than once perceptibly shuddered when he heard their harsh voices and occasionally saw them flitting here and there, though still at a respectful distance.

Pierre knew that only two things were now wanting to render them bold enough to attack—darkness and increased numbers; and though he was by no means a coward, yet he looked forward to his distant home, with a feeling of despair. Had he turned off over the hill to the left, at the point where his sister first became alarmed, he could have reached the dwelling of neighbor at a distance of two miles; but, by taking the homeward course, he had now come to a point where one house was as near as the other, and in this respect there was therefore nothing to choose between them. That he could reach either place before being attacked, he did not now believe; and his feelings in this awful situation can better be imagined than described.

As for his poor sister, she had long since become terrified into the silence of utter despair; and she now instinctively and mechanically kept along by his side, half-supported by his arm, but with so little physical power and energy of her own that he believed if he were to let go of her, she would drop to the ground and make no further effort for her life.

After having fairly entered upon the plain, Pierre looked back and saw with dismay that the wolves were collecting in a formidable body behind him, and that they were now advancing at the same pace as himself, at a distance not exceeding a hundred yards. The increase of numbers and darkness he knew would increase their boldness, and in this desperate strait he began to calculate the moment when they would begin their attack, and the probable time he would be

able to hold out against them, for he had resolved to fight to the last, though with little or no hope of ultimate escape.

Suddenly he thought of a large tree that stood away to his left, about half a mile from where he was, and the same distance from his regular homeward course. If he and his sister could only manage to reach that and clamber into its branches, perhaps their lives could yet be preserved. It is true he knew the chances of failure that were against him, but in no other direction or manner could he hope for life at all, and he turned to her, with trembling eagerness, hurriedly told her of his design, and spoke the first words of encouragement he had felt for a long interval.

"If you'll rouse up all your courage and strength, Louli, we may yet be saved," he continued; "but all will depend on you."

"I'll do the best I can, brother," she replied, in a low quiet tone, so different from her former wild, terrified manner, that even Pierre could hardly realize it was the same person. Despair had made her calm.

"Now you're talking sensibly," he rejoined; "and if you'll only act as you talk, we may live to tell this adventure. You must run, Louli—run with all your might—and you mustn't mind these cowardly beasts, no matter how near they come—for you see I've got a stout cudgel, and I'll keep them off of you. I can do it, Louli, dear, for I'm not afraid of them, and they don't attack a courageous man, the miscreants! Now run, Louli—run—and don't stop or look back, for your life—and when we get to the tree, I'll push you up into it first, and then climb up after you, and there we'll sit among the branches and laugh at the trick we've played. Come on now—faster—faster—put all your strength into your feet, so's we can get to the tree before dark—for that's all we've got to do."

This encouraged, and still partially supported by her brother, Louli made extra exertions to escape the impending doom; and the two went forward with considerable speed—the wolves gradually closing up nearer and nearer as the darkness thickened around them. With the brother and his sister it was a fearful race, for their all in this world depended on the next few fleeting minutes, and they strained every muscle to its utmost, panting and gasping for breath, and seeming at times as if they would force the blood from their mouths.

The tree came in sight, grew more and more distinct, and hope and fear urged them on beyond their natural powers.

The wolves came nearer, too, every moment; and Pierre, who understood the nature of the cowardly beasts, well knew their attack would not be much longer deferred. In fact, they had already begun to inclose them. By spreading out in the form of a crescent, the foremost had already turned their right and left flanks, and were even running in advance of them, snapping, snarling and growling, while those behind were pressing up within a few short feet, all ready, at the slightest slip or stumble to spring in and tear them to pieces. Pierre kept his eyes well about him, occasionally shouting and brandishing his stick when he found some of them so near as to threaten a sudden bite, and at the same time encouraging his almost fainting sister with such words of hope as he could now and then jerk out.

In this fearful manner they reached the tree, and as Louli clasped it, so weak and exhausted as scarcely to be able to stand, the foremost wolves sprang around and met on the other side, inclosing the poor brother and sister in a horrid circle of shaggy bodies, savage growls and fiery eyes. Neither of them at this critical juncture had sufficient strength left to have climbed into the body of the tree had they even been permitted by the furious beasts, and for the first two or three minutes all the brother could do was to stand on guard with his club and strike whatever animals were turned within his reach. In this way he kept them from getting hold of himself or sister till she had recovered her breath and some of

her strength, when he urged her to make the trial of getting up among the branches, telling her that her life depended on the result and that if she could succeed she would be safe.

The body of the tree was thick with branches, the nearest of which was eight or ten feet above the ground; and Pierre was obliged to assist his sister with one hand to climb up and mount upon his shoulder, while with the other he swung his club furiously in every direction, and thus kept back the beasts.

When at last he found that she had thus made a lodgment above the reach of the animals, he fairly shouted for joy, although he himself was anything but safe, and it was now a problem how he would be able to ascend without being torn to pieces the moment he should cease to beat back his assailants.

Fortunately he chanced to have with him a cord, strong enough to bear his weight, and long enough to double over the first limb and come down within his reach; and bethinking him of this, he threw it up to his sister, and directed her how to fix it; and she, who within the last half-hour had for the first time in her life become a heroine of some capacity, was enabled to comply with his instructions. Then making one bold, desperate assault upon the surrounding animals, and driving them back a few yards, he turned suddenly, caught the cord, swung himself from the ground, and ascended about five feet, when one of the wolves, leaping up, tore off the lower part of one leg of his trousers, and lacerated his foot in a fearful manner. But the beasts failed to bring him down, and in a moment or two more he was safe with his sister in the body of the tree, where the two passed the eventful night, thanking God for their wonderful deliverance.

The wolves howled and fought around them till near morning, and then slunk away, disappointed of their feast. At daylight Pierre and Louli descended from the tree, and made their way home to their anxious friends without further adventure.

Pickering at a Wedding.

There is always something to see, to hear, or to learn, wherever you go. The eternal tragedy, the eternal comedy, go all over the world. Yesterday Art showed me a farmhouse, where a discontented soul killed his wife and himself, shooting his wife while she held a three-months-old baby in her arms.

"We were going to lynch him then," said Art artlessly, "but as I rode through the edge of the wood I saw him lying there looking at us. He was dead. He had shot himself three times. Nerve, wasn't he?"

Again, as we rode on, he showed me a little house by the roadside. "Old woman lives here, eighty-five years old," said he. The town keeps her. Her husband died a while ago, and she can't run the farm. She used to be an English noblewoman years ago, and she ran away with the coachman and came to America. They lived here a long while. I guess she was an English noblewoman all right, too, for once in a while she comes down to town and gets a pint of alcohol, and she drinks it straight and never bats an eye."

But, as I was going to say, I saw an odd-looking fly in Art's collection, a combination of squirrel hackle and apparently quill and silk body. Art said the fly was a very good one, very hard to wear out and very useful on the local streams. "The fellow that makes them lives here," said he. "His name's Hubbell. He's the Justice of the Peace." I somehow liked the sound of Hubbell, J. P., and presently looked into the matter. The room of R. W. Hubbell, Justice of the Peace, is more angling shop than justice shop, and here I learned how these very killing local flies are made, having a long talk over these and kindred subjects.

I find that early in the spring this white silk grub I tie, with a bit of worm on the end, will kill trout before they will rise to the fly. My first fly is the black gnat—but you see I tie it different from any black gnat you ever saw. The next is what I called my Morn-

ing Belle, squirrel hackle and green, and so. Then I make a mosquito, with gray body, and here's a grasshopper with yellow and brown body and gray squirrel hackles—I never use any feather in any of my fly-tying. I'm proud of my grasshoppers. You don't have to chase 'em, and they don't come off. They're better than the real thing.

"Fishing?" said the justice, tipping back judiciously. "Well, it's more important than anything else, sometimes if not all the time. But there's some folks who don't seem to understand that. Now, not long ago I had a young fellow and a girl up before me. They'd been engaged, but had a falling out, and I guess the fellow was going to leave the girl because she changed her mind. I knew the pickler were out here in the mill pond, and it was time to be out, so I heard the case fast as I could, fined the young fellow, sent 'em all out, and went fishing. In less 'n an hour I heard some one hollerin', and saw a fellow motioning, over the bank. It was the town marshal. I didn't pay any attention to him, for I did not want to be disturbed, but bimeby he motioned so hard I started over towards him, and just as I did I got a bite, and hooked a big pickerel. At last I heard what the town marshal wanted. 'Say,' says he, 'them folks wants to git married!'

"Well, why don't they, then?" says I.

"But they want you to do it," says he. Wouldn't that cramp you? Here I'd just fined him, and now I was busy."

"There ain't no hurry about that," said I. I thought maybe she'd change her mind again. All this time that pickler was just chargin' round, and I had all I could do to keep him out of the weeds."

"They can't wait!" hollers the town marshal. That made me mad. Couldn't wait! Here I'd just fined the man! 'You go on back an' tell 'em they got to wait,' says I to the town marshal. I'm busy and I allow it's a sight more important for me to get this pickler 'n it is for them to get married. 'So I went right on and played my fish, and at last I got him in the boat. He was a beauty. Then I went on in and married 'em, but not before. I want to tell you. Some folks are just naturally unreasonable."

—Forest and Stream.

Voice of His Childhood.

It is a good story, and Mrs. Brown had to tell it confidentially. Then it leaked, until Mr. Brown himself heard of its true inwardness, and since then he has found no fault with his crying baby.

"Charlie (that's Mr. Brown) was awfully annoyed by the crying of our dear little Tommy," said Mrs. Brown, "and the fact is that his complaining was harder to endure than the baby's howls. Finally I had an inspiration."

"One morning, at the agonizing hour of four o'clock, Charlie was awakened by a most unearthly baby yelling and screaming, and sat up in bed with a start."

"Can't you stop that baby?" he demanded. "Did you ever in your life before hear such a racket from a pair of lungs? I don't think that there ever was a mortal, or an immortal, who made such an ear-splitting, sleep destroying noise since babies were invented until this blessed moment."

"Yes there was, Charlie," I answered, quietly, "and you were that very baby. I have prepared a lesson for you. You are now listening to your own voice."

"You are crazy!" he exclaimed. "Not a bit," I replied. "When you were the age of Tommy you were just such a howling terror as he is, and for future use your mother set up a phonograph to preserve your voice. She sent me the cylinder yesterday, and you will find it in our graphophone."

"He made no audible reply, but he did apparently mutter something under his breath, and then turned over and went to sleep. He hasn't complained of Tommy's voice since, and it has not occurred to him that there was no such thing as a phonograph until long after he was a baby."

Sympathizing With the Young.

There are few mature persons who give sufficient thought to the griefs and troubles of the young of all ages. Once we have passed the period of childish sorrows and trials, they seem very little to us, and we are quite apt to make light of them or overlook them altogether. The little hearts are entirely unaccustomed to trouble, and trials that seem to us so trivial are to them matters of the greatest moment. The loss or destruction of a doll is for the time as much to the baby-girl as her own loss would be to the mother.

The necessity for giving up the pets he has raised and fed and cared for and looked upon as his own, is as great as blow to the boy as is the loss of his farm or the burning of his warehouse to the middle-aged man.

Quite too little attention is given to the subject of property which is supposed to belong to children. A colt, a calf or a lamb is given to the farmer's boy when it is a tiny weanling. He is told that it is his if he will care for it and bring it up. It is called his property, and much fault is found with him if it is not properly looked after. When it is grown, the youngster comes home from school, some day, to find that it is sold and the father has pocketed the money and, with the most brutal disregard for the child's feeling, actually laughs at the idea of his claiming it.

A man who had made almost a failure of life through lack of ambition, once said that he really believed that his entire future was clouded by treatment of this sort. From the time he was a small boy until he was almost grown it was a common practice of his father to promise this, that and the other of the farm products if he would give special attention to his work. Time after time something was given in this way, each time with renewed and more earnest statements that that should really be his. After awhile, some emergency would arise, and Arthur's colt, calf or lamb was required to cancel some obligation or round out the sum of some purchase money. There was always a sort of apology, a pledge of something better in the future.

If the boy objected, he was mildly reproved for being selfish. He was a natural caretaker, and whatever creature he took in special charge was sure to flourish, and therefore became among the most valuable of the products of the place. But all these things were sacrificed, and with them the boy's hope and ambition. While he would not neglect the animals about the farm, for he was too kind-hearted to do that, he grew to do his duty in a careful but mechanical sort of way, and, finally, entirely broke himself of the habit of thinking that anything did or could belong to him. He grew up with the habit of looking after other people's business, and the natural instinct and personal pride which, as a boy, had been one of his marked characteristics, was in time entirely destroyed. His father used to bewail Arthur's lack of enthusiasm. As he arrived at man's estate, he seemed to have no ambition for a place of his own or, indeed, anything of his own, and, much to his father's grief, settled down as a hireling, content to look after the affairs of others. His father lived and died in ignorance of the fact that his unwise conduct in depriving the boy of an object for ambition had dwarfed his capacity and checked his interest in possessing things.

It is well worth while to give to every child something definitely and positively its own. Whatever the situation may be, every youngster should have the privilege of earning something. Special service should be rewarded by tangible results, which should not be interfered with in any way.

The property of a child and its ownership of it should be as much respected as that of the adult. There is as much necessity for education in this line as in any other, and care and attention to the cultivation of laudable ambition is one of the most important items in the bringing-up of children.

Probably one of the greatest trails of the young is being deprived

of that which they have been led to consider as their own. The trusting nature of childhood takes much for granted and should never be imposed upon or disappointed. It would be very little for the parents to set aside for some special purpose the value of the young animals on which their children have lavished their choicest care. If the colt, the calf or the poultry meant a summer-trip to some place of interest, a term at college, a few music or painting lessons or a visit to the great Exposition, there would be much more enthusiastic care in the looking after every-day matters of life.—N. Y. Ledger.

Whistler's Marriage.

In a recent number of *Truth* Henry Labouchere claims that he was responsible for the marriage of the widow of Goodwin, the architect, and James McNeill Whistler, the artist. He writes:

"She was a remarkably pretty woman, and very agreeable, and both she and he were thoroughly bohemians. I was dining with them and some others, one evening, at Earl's Court. They were obviously greatly attracted to each other, and in a vague sort of way they thought of marrying, so I took the matter in hand to bring things to a practical point."

"Jimmy," I said, "will you marry Miss Goodwin?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Mrs. Goodwin," I said, "will you marry Jimmy?"

"Certainly," she replied.

"When?" I asked.

"Oh, some day," said Whistler.

"That won't do," I said; "we must have a date."

"So they both agreed I should choose the day, tell them what church to come to for the ceremony, provide the clergyman, and give the bride away."

"I fixed an early date, and got them the chaplain of the House of Commons to perform the ceremony. It took place a few days later. After the ceremony was over we adjourned to Whistler's studio, where he had prepared a banquet. The banquet was on the table, but there were no chairs, so we sat on packing-cases. The happy pair when I left had not quite decided whether they would go that evening to Paris or remain in the studio."

"How unpractical they were was shown when I happened to meet the bride the day before the marriage, in the street."

"Don't forget to-morrow," I said.

"No," she replied; "I am just going to buy my trousseau."

"A little late for that, is it not?" I asked.

"No," she answered, "for I am only going to buy a tooth-brush and a new sponge, as one ought to have new ones when one marries."

"However, there never was a more successful marriage. They adored each other, and lived most happily together, and when she died he was broken-hearted, indeed. He never recovered from the loss."

A Self-Made Man.

"See that millionaire sitting at the table over in the corner?" asked J. Earl King.

E. Duke McKQueen glanced toward the corner table and beheld a diamond-studded man eating out of the season's delicacies and sipping the contents of cobwebbed bottles with an unmistakable air of never-mind-the-expense.

"There," continued J. Earl King, "is a living example of what push and determination can do in a free country. That man, sir, is none other than P. Baron McKNight."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and thirty years ago he was a barefoot boy without a coat to his back nor a cent to his pocket. He started life as a humble plumber's assistant. But he had the right stuff in him. He kept plugging away, and rising step by step, until finally he reached the proud position he holds to-day."

"Used to be a plumber's assistant? You don't tell me," said E. Duke McKQueen, with real astonishment. "And to-day—"

"To-day, sir, P. Baron McKNight is the plumber."

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1903.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most vile,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

THE condition of things in Arkansas, consequent upon the legal time for the Governor to sign the appropriation bills having elapsed before his signature was appended, still has but a vague and uncertain outlook. Something definite must be done, or the deaf children of Arkansas will be deprived of the benefits of education during the next two years. Two courses are open. The first is to call an extra session of the legislature, and the second is to issue an indemnifying bond to protect the State Auditor and the State Treasurer. Concerning the first plan, the Little Rock Democrat says, editorially:—

"T. D. Crawford, supreme court reporter, advocates an extra session of the legislature in order that appropriations may be made for the Branch Normal College at Pine Bluff and the Deaf-Mute Institute of this city. He points out that moneys cannot be used for these institutions legally unless the appropriation is made outright.

"We must take into consideration the expense of an extra session, but even with this objection we are not certain that this method would not be the best and safest way out of the dilemma which confronts the board of state charitable institutions. One thing is apparent to all, and that is that it will take money to run these institutions.

"If the auditor and treasurer should manifest a disinclination to take any further chances it would be absolutely imperative that the governor call an extra session. No doubt the appropriations could be made in three or four days and the expense would not be so great as one might suppose."

The following is from the Little Rock Gazette:—

"It seems that the deaf-mute appropriation muddle refuses to settle or to be settled. Just when all seems to be going smoothly something bobs up to balk it all.

"After the auditor refused to issue warrants on vouchers from the deaf-mute institute, because of the decision of the supreme court in the Confederate roster appropriation bill, several plans for obtaining money for the institute were advanced and tried, and finally, after all had failed, the idea of making a bond indemnifying the auditor against loss was suggested, and the auditor said he would issue the warrants if the bond were made sufficiently strong. The bond as it now stands, and it has not yet been filed, is sufficiently strong to secure the auditor, but the state treasurer has come forward and pointed out that he seemingly has been forgotten, and that he also must be indemnified. Now it is possible that even if the bond to indemnify the treasurer as well as the auditor should be made there will be a hitch, for the treasurer may hold that, in view of the decision of the supreme court, any warrant issued by the auditor on the deaf-mute appropriation would not be valid, because there is no deaf-mute appropriation.

"It may be that the state treasurer will pay out money on the auditor's warrants when he returns from a brief visit to Melbourne, in Izard County, but it is certain that

during his absence his deputy treasurer, James Yates, will do nothing of the kind. How Treasurer Tipton will look at the matter is not known, but Deputy Treasurer Yates holds that there is no appropriation, and that no indemnifying bond will justify him in what he believes to be breaking the law.

"Should the treasurer hold the same opinion as his deputy the muddle resolves itself into a state where there are but two methods of settling it. One of these is the closing of the deaf-mute institute and the other is the calling of an extra session of the legislature. Those closest to the governor say he will under no circumstances call an extra session of the legislature for the reason that he fears what that body might do to him, so this seemingly eliminates one of the methods, and leaves but one—the closing of the deaf-mute institute for two years, until the legislature again convenes in regular session."

ST. LOUIS.

The Public Opinion meeting for September was held on the 3d with the usual appreciative audience present. The news of the world and the chief topics of the month past, both here and abroad, were discussed by Mr. Cloud and his assistants.

Misses Schwier and Molloy have returned from their summer vacations which they spent in interior Missouri, and now again can be seen in the city taking the lead, as usual, into everything that happens.

Mr. Shipman, formerly of Fulton, Mo., but now located here, was being urged to take a college course and incidentally do some stunts on the gridiron with that muscle which nature has amply endowed him. Financial reasons, combined with others, are likely to prevent him.

There is possibility of the Euchre Club of the local deaf awakening early and beginning business as a social factor before the regular season opens. September 19th has been decided upon as the first meeting, the club to meet at the home Miss Steidemann.

Owing to the heavy extra drain on the funds of the St. Louis Board of Education by new school buildings and a general raise of salaries, it seems probable that there will be no articulation teacher appointed in the Gallaudet School to take the place left vacant by the marriage of Miss Small to Mr. J. Temple last July. This will, no doubt, be remedied next year.

A surprise was given Mr. Chas. Haig, of Caseyville, Ill., on the 31st last, by a party of friends who swooped down upon him and made things lively upon the place, for the afternoon. Several startling snapshots, that must be seen to be appreciated, were taken with a camera that happened to be present; churning, milking, and other farm labors were tried; a gold locket and chain, afterwards recovered, were lost in the high grass; and in brief a good time was had by all concerned.

Talking of surprises, they must be catching, for another was given to Miss Molloy on the 6th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Theurer. Miss Molloy, with her usual sagacity, perceived something was up before everything was ready; but a good time was had for all.

Mrs. Ballard, of East St. Louis and Mrs. Schwab, of this city, are on the sick list; the latter has a slight attack of malaria.

The World's Fair buildings must have impressed Mr. Palmer, of Tennessee, since he has promised to return next year with his wife to view it.

The Gallaudet School opened upon the 8th. Indications are bright for a promising year.

Miss Rust will remain during the winter at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cloud, thus giving Mrs. Cloud a chance to visit her many friends, household cares and the watching of four children having long prevented this.

The deaf population of St. Louis is increasing, since others from various towns are finding their chosen work in this city. The latest arrivals are Messrs. Hughes, of Chicago, Brown, of Arco, Mo., J. Brazel, of Lynn, Mass., and R. Steck, of Cape Girardeau, Mo. We hope they will stay as "the more the merrier."

Claims to Make the Deaf Hear.

MARION, Ind., Aug. 30.—Dr. J. H. Forrest, ex-president of the state health board, has demonstrated that deafness in many forms, can be cured by the use of the Finsen rays.

He announces that he has successfully experimented on himself, a deaf girl aged 17, and a boy.

The girl had been deaf since birth and the boy for three years. The apparatus used by Dr. Forrest is a modification of the Finsen apparatus, the rays being induced from static electricity.—Ohio State Journal.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the Granite State Mission.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Granite State Mission to the Deaf was made memorable by a convention held in Nashua, N. H., on the 5th and 6th of September—Saturday and Sunday.

The platform was most tastefully decorated with potted plants, golden rod and hydrangeas. At the back of the President's desk was hung a half-life-size crayon portrait of the late Thomas Brown.

President Deering called the meeting to order at 3 P.M. He then read his annual address, which was listened to with attention, and is here given in full:

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—For twenty-five years, a quarter of a century, has existed the organization as represented here to-day. During that twenty-five years, what wonderful changes have taken place. The country has grown wonderfully, and another war has been successfully fought. The United States has become the leading commercial nation of the world. Great universities, public libraries, and charitable institutions have been built from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Educational opportunities have been laid open to the white man and the black man; to the man possessing all his faculties, and to those like ourselves deprived of a part. Every body has a better chance, better opportunities for enjoyment of life, as well as better opportunities for doing good than was known twenty-five years ago. But perhaps the greatest change has been in the hearts of the people. At no time in the world's history has there been as much charity for all classes of people as now. At no time have the particularly unfortunate been more readily assisted than now. At no time have we, the deaf-mutes of this country, received greater sympathy or enjoyed greater privileges or opportunities than this present time. It was not always so. Twenty-five years ago we were the greatest advance in this charitable way than any previous twenty-five years, and the future is certainly full of hope for us all.

To Mr. Thomas Brown, our first president and founder of this Mission, we owe an everlasting debt of gratitude. Let us name be spoken with reverence wherever and whenever we meet together as an association. The "Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission" was organized in May, 1878, and incorporated at the June session of the Legislature in 1878. Through the influence of Hon. Leander W. Cogswell, an appropriation of \$150. This appropriation we have received every year since. I know that very good use has been made of it. I believe our generous State of New Hampshire would willingly increase the amount, if we could show them that good use was being made of the money, and that we have greater needs for more. But we must first give them evidence of a live use of their money. They will give nothing to a dead organization. This money voted by the State in good faith, must be used economically and for the best possible good of all the mutes of this State. To this end we must have two or three religious services must be held. We must show the State that we are alive and using their money, for the purpose intended, if we expect them to continue their generosity toward our association. We must see that notices of our meetings are made public through the press, as this is the only way of announcing to the State the proper using of their money.

I have to announce that there are two deaf-mutes in the County Farm. I have placed one boy, 15 years old, in the hands of the Board of Charity, who will see that he is sent to Hartford, Conn. The other child is 66 years old, a feeble man, and about to be placed in the New England Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, providing said "Home" has private burying grounds. If not, and he is sent there, what shall be done with the body after death, as the County Commissioners refuse to bury him after he is taken away from the County farm.

Agreeable to vote, as passed at the Keene convention last year, we have secured a portrait of the venerable and late Thomas Brown. It is but a small way of showing our gratitude to a man, who did so much for us during his valuable lifetime, at great sacrifice to himself. As we gaze upon that picture, may it be with tender, loving thoughts, and a deep appreciation of the life work of the man whom it represents.

I cannot close this address without referring to the helpfulness of Prof. Clark, of the Hartford School, as interpreter. We appreciate his work among us, and we could wish him a continuous life of usefulness. Let us all cry: "Long live Prof. Clark."

Allow me to congratulate you upon your attendance here to-day at the Twenty-fifth Anniversary meeting of our Association. May the next twenty-five years see a greater advancement in the intellectual, moral and spiritual life of the deaf-mutes of New Hampshire than any previous twenty-five years has shown.

May peace and happiness characterize this and every succeeding gathering of our Mission, and in our lives may we be always obedient to the guiding hand of the Omnipotent God.

Prof. Clark, of Hartford, interpreted orally for the benefit of those who could hear.

On motion the address was endorsed by the unanimous vote of all present.

On motion of Mr. W. E. White, the reading of the secretary's minutes was dispensed with.

Treasurer Clefos Paro gave his report of the financial fluctuations of the Association, which showed up very prosperously. The receipts during the year were \$157.40, and the expenses \$120.33. The Mission has now in the treasury \$762.90.

Mr. E. W. Frisbee made the following report as missionary:

MISSIONARY'S REPORT.

Brothers of the Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission:—In presenting this my annual report, I want first to express my devout gratitude to God for His goodness in giving me these years of health and simple work as missionary.

I wish also to testify to the uniform courtesy, helpfulness and support of the members of the Mission. Of discomfort, hardship or loneliness, I have known nothing. I cannot believe that there is any official of an association who receives such natural, sympathetic and thoughtful hospitality as missionary does.

During the past fourteen years I have

been your missionary, we have worked happily and I trust, helpfully together. Most of us had hoped to be left alone to do. Our hopes for the future are far greater than the accomplishments of the past.

I note that several deaf mutes think it is not necessary to become members of a church. This is a mistake.

I want you to join the one true Church—the church outside of which there is no salvation. I do not ask you where you go on a Sunday. I only ask you to join the one true Church.

The Church is composed of all believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. It must include all God's elect, of a converted men and women, of all true Christians. In whomsoever we can discern the election of God the Father, the Sanctifying work of God the Spirit, in that person we see a member of Christ's Church. It is a church of which the members are all true Christians. They are all born again of the Spirit. They possess "repentance towards God, faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ" and holiness of life, all the while. "The church is Christ. It is to talk about "once in grace, always in grace" except the laws of growth are obeyed. No state of grace can be maintained and decayed without the activity. The Christian life is a vineyard to be cultivated. Growing in grace means an increase of spiritual strength, a wealth of love, faith and joyous hope.

To keep the commandments means to live holy. They worship differently and after various fashions. Some worship with form of prayer and some with none. Some worship kneeling, and some standing. But they all worship with one heart. They are all led by one Spirit. They all build upon the foundation of the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. They all draw their religion from one single book—that is, the Bible. They are all joined to one great centre—that is, Jesus Christ. They all have now, can say with one heart, "Hallelujah," and they all can respond with one heart and one voice, "Amen and amen."

The Mission has been in existence since May, 1878. It is improving. The meetings are well-attended and each member seeks to appreciate his or her responsibility in keeping up and sustaining a good work. Its members enjoy privileges, which may not be reasonably slighted. Let us be ever grateful for the warm interest, the legislative help in the spiritual welfare of the silent brethren by contributing an appropriation of \$150 per year to the support of the Mission. I trust that all the New Hampshire deaf appreciate its existence and further its object.

Brethren, our needs will become our blessings, if only they will teach us to give, for he that gives learns how to read and understand the heart of the Father of all gifts whose greater gift is Jesus Christ.

In concluding this, I have the honor to make my report of services for the year ended September 5th, 1903:

Place of Meetings.	Offerings.	No. of Attend-ants.
1 City Field	\$ 8.00	5
2 Nashua	1.50	20
3 Nashua	.94	14
4 Keene	.75	4
5 Nashua	1.08	10
6 Farmington	.50	7
7 Laconia	.75	9
	\$6.06	84

Very respectfully yours,
EDWIN W. FRISBEE,
Sept. 5, 1903. Missionary.

A recess was taken to enable the treasurer to take the fees of the members, and judging from Mr. Paro's face and bulging pocket, it was quite a successful tour.

After quite an exciting contest between Almos Smith and Clefos Paro, for the office of treasurer, and the declaration of the secretaryship by Mr. W. E. White, only to be re-nominated, the following ticket was elected, President Deering being returned by acclamation:

OFFICERS.

President, William A. Deering.
Secretary, William E. White.
Treasurer, Clefos Paro.

Announcement was made of the eulogy upon Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, and the banquet which would follow, and then the meeting adjourned.

About seventy deaf-mutes saw Mr. Hodgson depict in graphic signs the following outline of the life of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet:

It is an honor to me to be selected to voice the tribute of the deaf to the memory of their friend and benefactor—the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet.

It is hard to conceive of the life work of any one man surpassing in good and worthy and useful deeds, that of our friend whose memory we are here assembled to honor. From childhood to the grave, he was the companion and friend of deaf-mutes. Born of a deaf-mute mother, he was the playmate of the pupils of the Institution which his father founded at Hartford, Ct.—the American School for the Deaf—and the first school of his kind in the New World. He learned to talk in the sign language at his mother's knee, and could express his ideas in gestures, long before he had a sufficient vocabulary to express them in speech. He has often said that the sign-language was his vernacular, and although he was a prodigious reader and student of all matters that concerned the deaf and their education, to the last he was an outspoken opponent of those faddists and iconoclasts who attempted, either by legislation or oppression, to rob the deaf of this God-given means of inter-communication.

Thomas Gallaudet was born at Hartford, Ct., on the 2d of July, 1822. He died on August 27th, 1903—a little more than eighty years beyond his eightieth year. The first twenty years of his life were spent in acquiring an education and in developing those inherent traits of character which were to be exercised to the everlasting benefit of the deaf. He graduated from Trinity College at Hartford, 1842, and with the exception of a few months during which he taught school in Connecticut, he was engaged in promoting the temporal and spiritual welfare of the deaf. This period of his life covers the full sixty years. And, under the guiding hand of God, in whom he had an implicit and uncomplained faith, what a great work he accomplished!

For the fifteen years ending in 1858, he was a teacher at the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. He was a most successful and valued member of the corps of professors, and in the enjoyment of a good salary and every comfort, he suddenly resigned his position and announced that henceforth he would minister to the adult deaf. There was no provision of any kind for either his personal support or to carry on such a work. But he trusted that God would find a way, and with God on his side he had no fear of the result. And his trust was not misplaced, although the path was full of difficulties, and year by year his life was one long series of self-sacrifices.

It must be noted that Thomas Gallaudet did not begin his religious work among the adult deaf in 1858. While he was a teacher at the New York Institution, he conducted a Bible Class for deaf-mutes, which he started in 1850, the year that he was ordained deacon in the St. Stephen's Church, New York City. In the following year he was elevated to the priesthood, at Grace

Church, Brooklyn; and in 1852 founded St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, which was then a small chapel of the New York University. In this little chapel he preached his first sermon to deaf-mutes on the Sunday of October, 1852, and fifty years after, on the same Sunday of the year 1902, the deaf of New York filled the new St. Ann's Church on West 148th Street, at a special memorial service, participated in by eminent and distinguished members of the Episcopal clergy, several of whom were laborers in the extensive field which had grown from Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's early efforts.

While St. Ann's Church ministered to the spiritual needs of the deaf of New York and vicinity, the deaf of other parts of the country were neglected. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet went from place to place when possible, holding services for the deaf, and enlisting public sentiment in their behalf. In 1872, he founded a society called "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," which was destined to give to the deaf of the entire country the consolation of religion. He travelled to distant cities, and made proposals to the ablest and noblest men of the day, to help ward the good work, first as lay-readers, subsequently as deacons, and eventually as fully ordained members of the priesthood of the Episcopal Church. The workers in the Lord's vineyard increased. His personal presence stimulated and encouraged them, and won for the work more recognition and generous aid. To-day there are in the United States nine clergymen, eight of whom are deaf, having a regular itinerary and preaching the Gospel to "silent" congregations in the language of signs. These clergymen are in turn aided by a large and increasing number of lay-readers. All parts of the country are covered by these missionaries to the deaf—the outgrowth of the inauguration of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

Let it not be supposed that Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's work began and ended with his prayers and his preaching to the Christian religion. He interpreted not only the spoken words, but exemplified the living deeds of charity and helpfulness which Christianity teaches. His daily life was filled with tales and scenes of suffering and distress, accompanied by appeals for assistance. And those of the deaf who appealed to him, never did so in vain. He would wonder that he died comparatively poor. That is, as men measure riches. But in the sight of God he died wealthy; for that which he gave is his forevermore.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's heart was ever touched by the distress of the improvident or unfortunate, and he was an able-bodied of this class he was as charitable in mind as he was with money. No matter how often they returned to him for help, he had for their misdeeds only the most gentle reprimand and the most forgiving spirit. He would pray for them, and pray them, and be profited by both his prayers and his bounty. No deaf-mute applicant was ever turned from his door. His kind-gloved friends might wait, but the poor deaf-mute must have an instant audience.

Among all classes of people there is a certain ratio of dependents, made so from physical incapacity and the infirmities of age. The homeless and friendless of this class, under the protection of overseers of the poor, are sent to county almshouses. Those possessed of the sense of hearing and speech can enjoy a certain kind of companionship, but to the deaf-mute inmate of an almshouse life is a total blank, and is like being condemned to solitary confinement. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's great heart went out in loving sympathy for these worn and battered derelicts upon the sea of life, and he evolved a plan by which they might be gathered together and cared for. This plan resolved itself into the establishment of "The Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes."

There followed a sorry outlook for success at the inception of the benevolent scheme; but the gentle persistence, tireless energy, and indomitable perseverance of Dr. Gallaudet triumphed beyond all expectation. Beginning with rented rooms, five or six inmates, and an almost constant deficit in the treasury, the work slowly prospered, so that in 1885, less than fifteen years from its inception, the property of the Gallaudet Home embraced 156 acres of farm land, with a substantial building of brick and stone, in which were cared for twenty-six aged, crippled, or otherwise helpless deaf-mutes, three of whom had reached affliction of total deafness. The disastrous fire which consumed this building was a great sorrow to Dr. Gallaudet in the closing years of his life. But despite his grief, he never lost his courage or faith. The inmates were first housed together in the county almshouse as a makeshift, but in a short time removed to a rented mansion. Plans were rapidly drawn and adopted for a new fire proof structure, and this edifice was almost completed when its founder was called to his eternal reward. The building was formally opened on the anniversary of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's birth—June 3d, of this year. For St. Ann's Church, the deaf of New York and nearby counties, and the deaf of three hundred, went to the Home by special train and held fitting exercises to commemorate the occasion.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet did not confine his work to the adult deaf, although most of his time was occupied in their service. He was in any of the Board of Directors of four institutions for the education of deaf children, for many years being chairman of the Committee on Instruction of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, and it is said that for more than half a century had never missed the exercises attendant upon its Annual Commencement. He attended regularly the conventions of teachers of the deaf of the United States, and was present at several of the Congresses of the profession of educating the deaf that were held in Europe. At conventions and other public gatherings of the adult deaf, he was seldom absent and always a welcome guest.

Deeply concerned and always active in promoting the education of the young, and in encouraging and helping the adult deaf, how is it possible to estimate the sum of his accomplishments in their behalf. He was a friend and inspiration to all, and bore no small part in their success in life. He was the means of diverting to the deaf, during sixty years, of more than a million dollars. For St. Ann's Church, in donations, legacies and values, purely upward of \$500,000. For the work of the Church Mission during thirty years, at least \$250,000, which includes itinerant work and the amounts spent on the support of the inmates of the Home, and help to needy deaf-mutes. The purchase price of the Home property was \$25,000, the new fire proof building cost about \$75,000, and the endowment fund in hand is in the vicinity of \$150,000; making a total of \$250,000, and a grand total of \$1,100,000. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet obtained this great sum for deaf-mutes, but for himself—why, it was discovered after his death that for several months no salary had been paid him by the Church Mission, and his entire estate was worth only \$5,000.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's home life was as happy as his public career was distinguished. While a teacher in the New York Institution, he fell in love with Miss Elizabeth R. Budd, a beautiful and highly intelligent pupil of the Advanced Class. His love was fully reciprocated, and on the 15th, 1845, they were married. This union

was blessed with two sons and five daughters. One of the sons died when a child, but all of the other children are alive to-day, reflecting honor upon their progenitors by their beautiful lives and their helpful work in the church and in charity. They were all a great comfort to him in the closing days of his life.

Dr. Gallaudet's scholarly attainments were recognized three years after graduating from Trinity College, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, when he was given the degree of Master of Arts. He later became Doctor of Divinity, and lastly Doctor of Humane Letters.

His deaf-mute friends delighted to do him honor, and two public occasions stand out from among numberless small events of like character. The first was in December, 1880, when he was tendered a complimentary dinner in a well-known Broadway Restaurant, and was toasted and congratulated by more than 300 deaf gentlemen and ladies. Again, on the 15th of July, 1895, the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding day was celebrated in the Chapel of the New York Institution. On the occasion of this wedding anniversary was presented by his deaf friends with a purse of over \$100 in gold. The chapel was filled with the deaf and other friends from distant places on this joyous occasion.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet completed fifty years as an Episcopal clergyman, on the 24th of June, 1901, and the parish of St. Matthew's Church, with which St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes is consolidated, commemorated the occasion by presenting him with a beautifully engrossed address and a purse of \$1,200. The deaf-mute parishioners of St. Ann's Church also presented him with a purse of no inconsiderable sum. The General Theological Seminary, gave a reception to him and four other clergymen who had reached the half-century of service. Over two hundred of the Episcopal clergy were present, and with touching addresses the four honored guests received a silver loving cup as a memento of the occasion.

On the eightieth anniversary of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's birth, although quite feeble, he insisted upon accepting an invitation to a reception given by his deaf-mute friends in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. He gave a long ride on a sultry night in June, and he and his wife and two daughters arrived at about nine o'clock. He was presented with a handsome silk umbrella, and made a most touching response. He told of four motives of life that would help all to realize happiness both here and hereafter. The motives were:

1. Keep up your faith.
2. Say your prayers.
3. Do the best you can.
4. Accept the inevitable.

He said the first three were plain and practical, and needed no explanation. But the last required thought. Many things were inevitable, such as birth and death. But ideas as to the inevitable do not always prove true. The last could be avoided by vigorous and clear signs, as if animated with the fires of youth instead of the smouldering embers that wait on eighty years.

Less than three months from this occasion he died, and the world of deaf-mutes plunged in sorrow. At his funeral there were present fully one thousand deaf-mutes of all creeds and of every calling. Poor deaf-mutes, who could ill afford to sacrifice their earnings of a day, left their occupations to pay the last full measure of respect to their departed friend. The church of St. Matthew's was crowded to the doors, and the eloquent address covered with beautiful wreaths and flowers. The Bishop of New York, who had raced by wagon and train over three hundred miles in order to be present, was the central figure of over half a hundred clergymen in surplice and stole who stood with the choir, and the eloquent address was given by Bishop Potter has been read by you all, as has also Dr. Vibbert's sermon with its expressive ending: "He served his own generation by the will of God, and fell on sleep." And when the chorists moved slowly down the central aisle, singing the recessional, one verse seemed to suggest the spirit of Christ working through the human agency of our beloved friend—

"Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might,
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight,
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true light."

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet had a symmetrical, well-knit frame, and on the verge of fourscore years, his erect figure and firm step suggested the ordinary man thirty years his junior. His well-poised head and high and noble forehead denoted the thinker in the scholar, while his more appreciative and reflective soul animated by pure thoughts and sympathetic benevolence. We of the deaf, who know how, day by day, year after year, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet preached and prayed, encouraged and admonished, and poured forth the eloquence of his soul in the language of signs, will never feel still more appreciative and more thoroughly thankful after reading the following remarks made by Bishop Potter at Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's funeral: "Nobody who ever heard him read the service, and who knew what a singularly fine organ he had, and with what dignity and stateliness he could make himself heard in any of our congregations, could be unmindful that he was, as it were, putting one gift upon the shelf, in order that he might use the other for that people to whom he was bound in so many and such tender ways. I have always thought that his consecration of his gifts to their service was one of the finest things in the history of religion."

He was a most lovable man, of inexhaustible tenderness, and the rare grace and charm with which he moved his hand was an expression and type of his mind. He could not be harsh—at least I could not conceive of him as harsh. He could not be bitter, and in all his life he had no angry words. He was a man of vision, he looked at things in a lofty way. He judged men with an inexhaustible charity.

I wish I could paint for you, in the glowing colors which they demand, all of the greatness and goodness and unselfishness and usefulness of Dr. Gallaudet's character and career. The older generation of deaf-mutes tell me that even in his youthful days he was never known to speak in anger. He was always considerate of the views of others, and listened with patience and argued with gentle directness with those who differed with him. And as his charity was unostentatious and effective, so was his speech simple and convincing. His determination was invincible, and once he set himself to do anything, he never swerved until it was accomplished. Of the great love he bore towards the deaf, his whole life is one unbroken chain of testimony. At different times he went abroad, ostensibly for his health, but these trips invariably resolved themselves into a series of services for the deaf of other lands. When he died the deaf of all the world lost a friend. In verse I offer tribute to his memory:—

REV. THOMAS GALLAUDET, D.D., L.H.D.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel unto every creature."—Mark 16:15.

For threescore years he heard the Master's order

With trust sublime;

White-haired and worn he paused upon life's border,

Then crossed the line.

He led men on to noble aspirations,
With gentle mien;
Calm-poised, he met life's storms and tribulations
With brow serene.

He did the Master's work with love unbounded
By narrow creeds,
His simple faith, sincere and firmly founded,
Was shown by deeds.

He comforted the sick, the poor he aided,
Soothed sorrow's tears,
Forgave the sinner (but the sin upbraided)
Through long, long years.

He won their hearts to God by gentle preaching—
By love-born powers—
Not Sinai's thunders, but the Saviour teaching
Midst Syrian flowers.

Now ended is life's path of faith and duty,
In patience trod,
In perfect bliss, mid all-fulgent beauty,
He lives with God.

THE BANQUET.

Sixty sat down to the banquet given at the Tremont House, in Nashua, on Saturday evening. About thirty of the deaf declined to participate, and these latter entertained themselves in conversation while the banquet was in progress. The menu consisted of roast turkey and other cold meats, with vegetables, assorted cake, fruit and coffee.

There was no formal speech making, but addresses were made, in a humorous vein, by Messrs. Hodgson, W. E. White, H. C. White, A. B. Meacham and others. Quite a jovial evening was passed.

On Sunday, Rev. S. Stanley Searing held divine service at Grace Church, to a good congregation.

Sunday evening found Nashua deserted of deaf-mutes, except those those who reside in the city.

Among the many present at the convention we noted:—

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Frisbee, Mr. and Mrs. D. Shay, Mr. and Mrs. Geo

NEW YORK.

The Brooklyn Club's Picnic and Games.

OVER 300 WERE PRESENT

Other Happenings in the Five Boroughs.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

The second annual picnic of the Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club, at Park Deckleman's Ridgewood Park, Ridgewood, Long Island, despite the heavy shower during the afternoon, turned out to be a grand success.

The games began promptly, but the heavy shower put a stop to the contest just after the one hundred yards dash had been run.

The park is very large and has various amusements not to be found in other parks, including a merry-go-round.

A few words here about the children of the deaf may not be out of place. At this picnic they were more numerous than at former outings given by the deaf this summer, and they were quite a study. They were all able to hear and speak, and at the same time talk in the sign language like their deaf parents. To an ordinary observer unfamiliar with the deaf, would no doubt have taken these children to be deaf and from an institution of the deaf, enjoying an outing. Indeed, they quite a large gathering by themselves, and this time the picnic cannot be called a "silent" picnic, for these happy, gay and frolicsome children made all the noise possible. It is hard to say which enjoyed the outing the most, the children or their deaf parents.

The huge vegetable tower, two hundred feet high, the flowers, palms and beautiful decorations which were being arranged for the German Festival on the day following were magnificent and greatly admired by all.

At nine o'clock in the evening the grand march was started with about one hundred couples in line. The music was excellent, and was furnished by Prof. Chas. H. Kleine. Following the march dancing was kept up till the entire twenty-four dances had gone through.

The games for gentlemen were declared off on account of the rain, except the one hundred yards dash which was won by George Brown, a hearing man, in 11 1/2 seconds.

The management wisely had the ladies games take place later in the dancing pavilion, and thus did not disappoint the fair sex, and amused all. They proved exciting as well as interesting, and were sharply contested, especially the backward race.

Miss Louise Kummer won the potato race, and was awarded two Japanese vases.

Miss Carrie Keitell won the egg and spoon race, and her prize was a pretty leather purse.

The backward race, which caused no end of amusement, was won by Miss Sophia Friedman, and she received a small gold-plated frame; Miss Florence Mason was second, and was given a beautiful ornamented fan.

Immediately following the games, the prizes won on the occasion of the Xavier Club's outing on Staten Island on August 9th last were then awarded. Following is names of various events and names of the victors:

100-yards run—Driscoll, first; McLaughlin, second.

One mile run—Miller, first; O'Reilly, second.

Throwing the sixteen pound shot—Miller, first; Blaise, second.

Wheelbarrow race—Dooley.

One mile bicycle race—Hamilton, first; O'Reilly, second.

Five-mile bicycle race—W. Marshall, first; J. O'Reilly, second.

Ten-mile bicycle race—L. Marshall, first; Hamilton, second.

Bowling (ladies)—Miss Daly, first; Miss Hutchinson, second; Miss Tooley, third.

Bowling (gentlemen)—Mr. Gleason, first; Mr. Frey, second; Mr. Bowers, third.

The prizes were very beautiful, and consisted of various home and office desk ornaments, vases and statuettes.

Upward of five hundred tickets for the Brooklyn Deaf-Mute Club's picnic were sold. Mr. J. D. Buckley, the wide-awake Sergeant-at-Arms, took the lead in the sale, he having personally disposed of about seventy-five tickets.

The park is one of the largest of its kind in Long Island, and ac-

commodates twenty-five thousand comfortably, so it will be seen that the three hundred or more deaf-mutes present had plenty of room. Following are the names of committees and officers of the club:

Arrangement Committee—John M. Jackson, (Chairman), Archie McLaren, Peter F. Reddington, J. E. Taplin, Jos. Schloss.

Floor Manager—Frank J. Hayden.

Reception Committee—J. D. Shea, (Chairman), H. L. Juhring, Frank Ecka, Geo. Lindemann, Thos. O'Grady, Geo. Yeager, Jas. J. Malloy, Wm. Fricken, Luke Broderick, Wm. Brown, Frank Brown, Alex. Laing, Aug. F. Larek, W. B. Taylor, Geo. V. Warren, Wm. Moore.

Officers—W. L. Bowers, President; H. F. Beck, Vice President; P. F. Reddington, Treasurer; J. M. Jackson, Fin. Secretary; J. E. Taplin, Rec. Secretary; J. D. Buckley, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Among those present from out of town were noticed the following: Misses Elsie K. Weis, Annie Murphy and Lena Burke, of New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Fred Rock, of Hartford, Conn.; Mr. Joe Leghorn, of New Britain, Conn.; Mr. Gilbert F. Marshall, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Mr. Gordon Marshall, of Port Chester, N. Y.; Mr. Charles Dermody, Supervisor of the boys at the American School for the Deaf, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. Goldsmith of Boston, Mass.; the Misses Reilly and Russell and Mr. John H. Dobbs, of Newburgh, N. Y.; Mr. Washington Houston, Philadelphia, Pa.

To try and enumerate all who were present would take up too much space, suffice, however, to say that all the deaf organizations of Greater New York and New Jersey were well represented.

Miss Sarah Stein lost her purse and key at the picnic, and would be obliged to the finder if same were returned to her.

In regard to the deaf collector who recently passed in free of charge at a Coney Island show, this should be said in his favor. Mr. Thompson, one of the proprietors of Luna Park is a personal friend of Mr. Gilbert, the deaf collector for the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, and naturally often gave him free passes for himself and family. Mr. Gilbert one day asked Mr. Thompson if he could give him a few passes for his deaf friends, and received fifty passes. Mr. Gilbert also wrote to Mr. Boston, and he received word that he would willingly allow his deaf friends see his show free of charge. Mr. Gilbert in this did not do anything out of the ordinary; hearing people receive more favors than the deaf. That most of the deaf who saw the show free of charge were well dressed, looked prosperous and some wore jewelry is true, but it is no reflection on them or to the schools that educated them, on the contrary it is a credit to themselves and a honor to their Alma Mater.

A picnic was given at Roton Point, on Labor Day. An elegant dinner and supper were enjoyed. Among those present were, Mr. Murray Campbell, Mrs. Nettie Robertson, Miss Mary Stemple, of Stroudsburg, Pa.; Miss S. Synder, Cleveland, O.; Miss Okie, Long Island; Miss Block, New York City; Messrs. P. Hughes, St. Louis, Jas. K. Forbes, Pittsburgh, Pa.; J. Kieber, Jr., J. E. Taplin, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Martling, Greenwich, Ct.; Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, East Port Chester, N. Y.; H. Black, Greenwich, Ct.; Gilbert F. Marshall, Bridgeport, Ct.; Gordon Marshall, Port Chester, N. Y.; Misses Debby and Edith Marshall, Port Chester, N. Y.

On Friday evening last the Hollywood Club of Deaf-Mutes met at the club rooms in Yonkers, and elected the following officers, to serve for one year: President, Henry Beuermann; Secretary, Wm. W. Thomas; Treasurer, Albert J. Hockstahl; Executive Committee, John H. Keiser, chairman; R. E. Maynard and Murray Campbell, Mr. Charles T. Thompson, of Tuckahoe, was admitted to membership. The club will give a shadow pantomime and social in the Guild Room of St. Ann's on Saturday evening, October 17, 1903.

On Sunday, Messrs. Gilbert and Gordon Marshall, Chas. Dermody, J. Leghorn, who hail from Connecticut, visited the Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club and afterwards they went to Coney Island, and met Mrs. Max Miller, Misses Elsie K. Weis, Lena G. Burke and Annie Murphy, of New Haven, Ct., at Luna Park.

All the deaf are invited to the Mass Meeting, to be held in the Guild Room of St. Ann's, on Tuesday evening, September 15th. At this meeting the Tuesday evening schedule, and other special affairs to occur throughout the year, will be made known and committees appointed.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Pach made a three-day trip to Huntington and Northport, L. I., over Labor Day. They have moved their home from 6 West 102d Street to 56 West 105th Street.

Mr. Hanneman and his wife and Miss Bessie Poblinsky were in Middletown, N. Y., for a short time. They left Saturday morning to be present at the Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club's picnic and enjoy Labor Day in New York City.

Mr. Wiley left New Orleans, La., for New York last Wednesday, from where he will take steamer for Europe. He will be accompanied by his mother and brother. They will visit London, and then go to Switzerland to live.

Mr. Murray Campbell, Gallaudet, '02, has secured a position in a Mount Vernon National bank, and likes his new calling. Already his deaf-mute friends have dubbed him "Banker Campbell."

Edward Elsworth has gone to Buffalo with his father, to attend the funeral of an uncle who was badly injured at the Pennsylvania freight yard and succumbed to blood poisoning.

Andrew Cummings, of Scanton, Pa., has secured a good position as a barber in Yonkers, N. Y., and will probably remain in that city permanently, as he likes his job and the town.

Miss Marguerite Fagan, sister of Mrs. Anthony Capelli, will be joined in wedlock to Mr. Herman Arendes, in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 20th of September.

Mrs. Charles McManus, of Newark, presented her husband with a beautiful little girl baby, on August 29th. She has been christened Mamie.

Herman F. Beck, one of Brooklyn's most intelligent young gentlemen, is a regular visitor at Coney Island, whenever respite from work permits.

Miss Fanny Walsh died of consumption in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Friday, September 4th. She was buried on Monday, September 7th.

Mrs. Anthony Capelli has improved greatly from her recent illness that she was able to visit her mother in Brooklyn last Sunday.

Mrs. Abe Galland and her little son are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Wollmann, at their farm at East Northport, Long Island.

Mrs. Neiser and Mrs. Meinken witnessed the concluding game of base-ball, between the Brooklyn and Giants last Tuesday.

Miss Alice Moran, the sister of William T. Moran, of New Orleans, La., is in this city on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. L. Schindler were at Coney Island Sunday afternoon.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Mrs. H. T. Reamy left this city Saturday evening, for a two weeks visit to her wealthy uncle in Norfolk, Va. On account of business pressure her husband could not accompany her, and meanwhile he will stay at her parents' home. Mr. Reamy says that he will soon give up his country home and move to this city again.

The Society has decided to have Bazar, and Fair early in December, to continue three days. Preparations are already being made and it is proposed to make the affair the greatest event in the history of the Society.

The Maryland School reopens next Wednesday, September 16th, with a larger in attendance than ever before. Mr. E. C. Wyand changed his mind about going to teach at the South Dakota School, but will continue to fill the place at Frederick at an increase in salary.

Mr. Kampfe is suffering with a bad boil on his arm at the elbow. The doctor advised him to be very careful, as blood poisoning might set in.

Miss Sallie Gourley is at home again from a two weeks' visit to friends and relatives in Washington, D. C.

Rev. O. J. Whildin expects to leave this city early this week for the South, in the interest of Mission work among the deaf. He will be gone for at least a month or longer.

Mr. Peter Krastel of this city, and Miss Mackenzie of Cumberland, Md., will be married this month by a Catholic clergyman. Both were educated at the Maryland School.

After a three weeks' delightful stay in Frederick county, Mrs. Ella Smithson and daughter have returned to their home in this city.

Mr. W. Duvall also spent the last two weeks at Liganore Hills in Frederick county, greatly benefited in health. He took in the Western Maryland Association meet at Braddock Heights.

The M. E. Deaf-Mute Mission will give a superb exhibition of Moving pictures in its Sunday School room in October.

Sept 7-03 HARRY W.

Rev. Mr. Danizer's Appointments.

SEPTEMBER.

13-11:00 A.M.—St. Luke's, Rochester. Holy Communion.

7:30 P.M.—St. Paul's, Buffalo.

20-11:00 A.M.—St. Paul's, Buffalo. Holy Communion.

8:00 P.M.—Grace Church, Lockport.

27-11:00 A.M.—St. Luke's, Rochester.

7:30 P.M.—St. Peter's, Geneva.

Address: REV. C. O. DANIZER, 231 Grand Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

OHIO.

Deaf Couple Tied in the Bonds of Matrimony.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Happenings of the Week.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 958 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Mr. Robert St. John, of Hampden, Grange Co., Ohio, and Miss Sarah Smith were married Wednesday evening. The ceremony took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Grigsby, of Franklin Avenue, in the presence of a number of deaf people. Superintendent J. W. Jones united the couple, using the language of the deaf, and went through the rites in clear signs and finger spelling so all could readily understand what was said. Eight o'clock was the hour set for the ceremony, and promptly at that hour the bridal party took its stand in the parlor of the house and were made man and wife according to the law, after which they received the congratulations and well wishes of the assembled guests. The bride without any of the usual frills looked pretty in a white waist and a dark material skirt, while the groom looked his best in a dark suit. Later the company sat down to a fine repast and did justice to it. Thursday they will visit the state fair and Friday will depart for the home of the groom, Hampden, and go to housekeeping and the well wishes of their friends will accompany them. Both received their education in the school here.

The following were present at the ceremony: Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Grigsby and son, Howard, Mr. Sweetart, Mr. and Mrs. Sady Dresback, Mrs. Eliza Bard, Misses Emma Bard, Hewitt, Dresback, Rodman and Monie Foster; Messrs. Eugene Jones, Clifford Rose, C. Fritzges, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and the reporter. Later in the evening a number of people in the neighborhood came over and gave the couple a belling. The bride and groom came out on the porch and bowed their acknowledgments for the compliment.

By the way, this was Superintendent Jones' first wedding service and curiously enough it occurred on the eighth anniversary of his taking hold of the Institution as Superintendent. Now that he has started in the business, we expect his services will be more in demand. The Superintendent of the Institution is, by law, empowered to marry the deaf when called upon to do so. Judging from the example given Wednesday evening, he will do it to perfection to any couple who will need his services.

Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McGinness, came near losing his life Wednesday morning, about ten o'clock, on the Hocking Valley Railroad tracks, at the corner of West Spring Street. He is assistant to the car repairer, and while walking was struck by a cut of cars at the above place. He was thrown down and two cars passed over him. He had the presence of mind to lie flat between the rails and thus saved his life. His injuries consist of bruises on the back and leg, several abrasions of the skin and a slight cut over the left ear. He was taken to a nearby doctor's office, where he received medical attention and later taken to his home, 221 North Champion Avenue, in Fletcher's Ambulance. His condition was not considered serious at the time.

Mr. Eugene Jones, last Saturday, a week ago, concluded to take a vacation and see a little more of Uncle Sam's domains. He went up to Cleveland and there took a boat for Buffalo. He visited one of the "Seven Wonders of the World," Niagara Falls. From there he went on to New York, where he met a number of the deaf, then on to Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Washington and Georgetown, D. C. Pittsburgh, Pa., and back to Columbus, getting in Monday evening, feeling all the better for his jaunt, at least, his smiles indicated so.

Mr. Charles Fritzges, of Pittsburgh, has been in the city for a week getting acquainted with the Columbus deaf, and appears perfectly at home too. In company with Mrs. Dresback, Misses Hewitt and Foster, he visited the Home for Aged Deaf, and had his eyes opened to its fine location, facilities and well management. He says the Ohio deaf have a home that they may well be proud of.

This is State Fair week, and Columbus is being overrun by rural visitors, and as a consequence, the State Institutions have about all they can do showing the county people through the buildings.

Messrs. August Beckert and Geo. Clum have returned from their vacations and have resumed their respective duties in the Institution.

Mr. Charles McClave was in the city this week visiting friends and

the State Fair. Though fourscore years he has trod on Mother Earth, he is still hale and hearty and finds no difficulty in getting about.

Mr. Hiram Phillips, former teacher in the Wisconsin School for the Deaf, and now one of the Iowa corps, was in Columbus for a couple of days this week, renewing acquaintances. Mr. Phillips was a pupil of the Ohio School from 1844 to 1851.

Mr. Harley Drake has just returned to his home in Piqua from a four weeks' visit out West. Colorado Springs, Denver and Salt Lake City were the chief points of interest to him. It is not reported whether he came back with a rich silver mine. Later developments may make it known.

Miss Freda Dreyer returned Monday from Cedar Point. She reports Miss A. H. Schory as being benefited by the change of air.

Recently Mrs. A. P. Green tendered a reception in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Grant Keener, of Wheeling, W. Va., who have been their guests for some time. It was a quiet but very enjoyable affair, and the company passed the evening in social talk. Later ice-cream and cake were served to all. But the friends were all surprised to see the battleship cake which Mrs. P. A. Green made herself. They asked themselves what it was named. They called it the Ohio battleship. Among those who were present were: Mr. and Mrs. G. Keener, of Wheeling, W. Va., Mr. and Mrs. S. Dresback, of Johnstown, O.; Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Ingraham and children, of this city; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. H. Huggins, of this city; Misses Lucy Steener, Carry Brainard, Bertha Dresback, Messrs. J. C. Pier and David Dresback.

It was news to us and to many of their friends here to be informed the other day that Mr. Tony Dresback and Miss Lena Arnold have been married. They were united June 6th, by a hearing minister at Findlay, Ohio, and are living at Johnstown, Licking County, Ohio. Mr. Dresback is a farm laborer. Congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Pratt reached the city Thursday noon and are stopping with a sister of Mrs. Pratt on Gay Street. Mrs. Pratt will likely make her home here while her husband is away. A. B. G. Sept. 5, '03.

SOUTH HAVEN.

The "City of South Haven" is at the dock at last! The eager picknickers, mounting fast And kissing hands, in chorus sing: Goodbye, goodbye to every thing!

To house and barn, pasture and lawn, The meadow gates they swing upon, To mules and cows, pump and swing, Goodbye, goodbye to every thing!

And fare you well for evermore, O kind hayseed landlord, and his good wife by the door, O dear door, where the cobwebs cling, Goodbye, goodbye to every thing!

Blows the whistle and off they go; The houses and trees and hills smaller grow, Last, they in chorus sing: Goodbye, goodbye to every thing!

Hurrah! Hurrah! the Pas-a-Pas Club nobly braves the waves.

The steamer "City of Kalamazoo" arrived at South Haven at 4 P.M., August 22d, with Mr. Codman, the leader, and was given a most cordial welcome. Soon two big geese strolled into the street and marched up to the dock, and stretched their long necks toward the coming steamer. Coach! Coach! they cried, and then bowed and nodded to the merry excursionists. There were hundreds of people there, and how they laughed when they saw the picture! As soon as the merry picknickers stepped out of the boat, they hurried to "Lee Park," where the hens and chickens are picking off the grass and singing very loudly, and the old peacock struts about and shows his colors proudly. A herd of calves trotted up on their little long legs to welcome them as they tripped over the daisies that kissed their feet, and then cantered off. The four-o'clocks put back the green leaves that hooded their sweet faces to smile at them. The golden rods lifted their heads for a moment when they heard the footsteps and made them the politest bows. The larks warbled more exquisitely than ever, and hares and rabbits that had begun to run away stopped as soon as they found that they were only deaf-mute picknickers who had startled them, and the fiercest turkeys ceased to strut and gobble at their approach. Frogs hidden in the rushes croaked them a cheerful good day, and turtles crawled out of the water to have a good look at them. "Ah, good morning, Mr. Hayseed, good morning, Mrs. Hayseed," said the leader. "My name is Chester, and my wife's name is Emily, and I am bringing a party to spend four hours with you and get some apple tart." With a loud noise the farmer jumped up and shook hands and nearly knocked them down. He then invited them to visit the hollyhocks that grew by the side of the house where "Chicago's" bedroom is. They then swarmed hurriedly down to the brook to look at the ducks that have red rubbers on that made a cunning three-toed track in the soft, cool sand, and said quack! quack! Mr. Sonneborn, our Morton of Chicago, was sitting on the fence feeding

salt to the calf. Then the idea came into his head to try a ride on it. He coaxed the calf up close to the fence, and suddenly jumped on. It was too much surprised at first to stir, so he shouted "Get up!" in the German language. Away the calf started flying toward the old farmer, who stood in the barn door. He pluckily retained his seat and held on with both arms around both arms around the calf's neck. The calf was so small that his straw hat seemed like a tent over it. His pretty wife clapped her hands in delight, and his boy friends rolled on the grass with laughter. The farmer very politely helped him down. Mrs. Frank drove a pet rooster into the room and tied a pink ribbon about his neck. Mr. Frank took down the looking glass and set it against the wall, so that the rooster could see himself. He stared at the rooster in the glass for a moment. Then he crowed and shook his head saucily. The other rooster crowed and shook its head too. That made the rooster angry. Crash! She had pecked and batted his head right through the looking glass. The rooster with the frame on his neck flew out into the barn very much frightened. They went to see the peach orchards. Every body had their pockets almost full, when our uncle Jake Kleinhaus said, "My wife, there are some pink peaches down by the creek," but in his hurry to get all he could, he slipped and away went he and the peaches into the creek. He weighs more than two hundred, and is full of fun. What a laugh! There was a man in South Haven, and he was a wondrous wise doctor. One of the resorters was ill and this doctor was sent for. He asked what she had eaten. "Only a piece of plum pudding." The doctor said: "Let me taste of it," so he took a piece. "Too many plums; let me taste again." So he kept tasting until the pudding was all gone and he scraped the saucer clean.

Mr. W. C. Edwards, the Chicago correspondent of the Deaf American, greeted the old people at "Lee Park" with his wife on his arm. He made them smile and smoothed the wrinkles out of their foreheads.

When the picknickers were tired of every thing, they had a game of tag with the hayseed. They ran round and round the house and barn, with the farmer and his big hay fork after them. What a chase he had after them! They ran under the house, then upon the roof of the roof of the barn, and finally ran back to the dock to the boat, with the slips of sunflowers. The Steamer "City of South Haven" brought them back to the great city at 9 P.M., and they arrived there safe and sound at about 3 A.M.

Mr. William E. Curtis, the famous journalist of the Chicago paper, was in South Haven for three weeks, and praised this country for its beautiful and wonderful scenery.

A girl baby, ten pounds, greeted the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Lee, August 25th. Congratulations.

The Colby folks are back to Chicago in time for the children to go to school, which opens on the 8th of September.

Mr. Fred Baars surprised the South Haven deaf-mutes last week, with a grandpa's straw hat. They were glad to see him. Come again, Fred.

Mr. and Mrs. Molohon and their baggage returned to Jacksonville, Ill., last week. They promise to come back in June next year, to stay until September.

CHICAGO.

Mutes Quarrel by Letter; Husband Shoots Wife.

CHICAGO, Wednesday.—William Sipos, a mute, had a quarrel in written conversation with his wife and its climax shot her five times, inflicting wounds which she probably will die.

When the police arrived Sipos attempted to escape, and while climbing on the roof of his house was dragged back by detectives. He pointed his revolver in their faces and pulled the trigger, but all the cartridges had been discharged at his wife.

In the house the police found roughly written notes which he made up to conversation of the man and wife and which apparently had led to the attempted murder. —New York Evening Telegram.

Bridges In China.

Most ancient Chinese bridges are only wide enough to allow the passage of two mounted men, railings on each side serving to insure the traveler's safety. It is thought highly probable that the missionaries who first reported on the early suspension bridges of China, and who, of course, gave some idea of their plan of construction, were really the cause of that unique species of bridge building being adopted by western nations.

If we share the burdens of others, we lighten our own.

Ft. Wayne, Ind.

"'Tis better late than never," is the old saying; and thus I apply it to the reporting of a recent picnic of the deaf-mutes of Ft. Wayne and vicinity indulged in on the 9th of August last. It was the occasion of the birthday anniversary of Mr. Samuel Hielbrunner, of this city, and in honor of the event, the mutes from all parts of the country and neighboring cities gathered at Robinson Park. About sixty were present, and all had a most excellent time. It is impossible to give the names of all who were present, as the writer is a stranger to many of them.

A fine dinner was served, and prizes were given to the ladies who had the best cakes. Prizes were also given to the fleshiest and the thinnest lady, Mrs. B. Richards, of Huntington, Ind., carrying off the first, and Mrs. L. Snyder the second. Mrs. Garreston received the first prize for cake.

Mr. Allison Rudisill photographed the crowd. It was a day that will long linger in the memory of all those present, as a day of rare enjoyment and pleasure.

Mr. Geo. Schultz, of Richmond, Ind., visited with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Snyder, and attended the picnic.

The Misses Lizzie and Kate McNally, of St. Mary's, O., were the guests of Mrs. Steel Garreston, and attended the picnic.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Berghorn and daughter have returned home from a fortnight's visit at Elkhart, and South Bend, Ind. They report a fine time.

Mr. Wm. Corwin, a teacher in the Missouri School, was circulating among Ft. Wayne friends a short time ago. He is looking well.

Mrs. Jackson and daughter, who have been visiting her mother in this city, returned to her home in Indianapolis, last week.

Little Vesta Smith, the hearing daughter of Mrs. Lewis Snyder, is visiting in Richmond and Tipton, Ind. She will return time for the opening of school in September.

Mrs. Steel Garreston invited a few deaf friends to her house Sunday evening, August 30th, in honor of her husband's fortieth birthday. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. A. Moellering, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Snyder, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Berghorn, the Misses Bullerman, Messrs. Samuel Heilbonner, Fred Kummer, James Madden and W. Bullerman. Light refreshments were served, and all wished Mr. Garreston many happy returns of the day.

The aged mother of the Misses Bullerman is in very feeble health, and it is thought her days on earth are not of long duration.

Little Jessie Garreston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Steel Garreston, delightfully entertained twenty of her little friends at a birthday party September 1st. Jessie is ten years old and a bright little girl.

Mrs. Lewis Snyder expects to visit Richmond some time in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller will visit relatives and friends in Detroit, Mich., some time this fall. They have three bright boys.

L. E. S.

New Moving Pictures at the Eden Musee.

For a number of months past the Eden Musee has been arranging for new moving pictures. In addition to selecting the best pictures anywhere available, the management of the Musee has made arrangements for a large number of pictures to be taken especially for the Musee and which will be exhibited nowhere else. These pictures include every variety. Some are racing scenes and games, others are historical events and movements of distinguished persons and a large number are mysterious pictures in colors which are acknowledged to be perfection, astonishing characters perform astonishing feats and fairies, ghosts and visions appear quite naturally. These pictures were divided into series of twelve each and the first was shown on Labor Day. A new series will be shown each hour during the day and evening and the subjects will be changed weekly. The new orchestra has been enlarged by adding three new players and the result is that it is one of the most popular orchestras ever at the Musee. Concerts are given afternoon and evening with a change of programme at each concert. Many additions have been made to the wax groups and old visitors will be much pleased. Re-arrangements and changes have been made in existing groups so that the collection is thoroughly up to date. During the present summer there have been more out of town visitors to the Musee than in any past season, and both afternoon and evening the halls and Winter Garden are filled with visitors to the city.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.